

Henry Ward Beeclier

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lovely inscription on the front page I miss
him very
much when I go to Boston now.

In New York, how much I miss Mrs.
Beeclier I could
never say. The Beechers were the most
wonderful pair.
What an actor he would have made ' He read
scenes from
Shakespeare to Henry and me at luncheon
one day. He
sat next to his wife, and they held hands
nearly all the
while ; I thought of that time when the great
preacher was
tried, and all through the trial his wife
showed the world
her faith in his innocence by sitting by his side
and holding
his hand.

He was indeed a great preacher. I have a
little faded
card in my possession now: "Mrs. Henry W.
Beecher."

" Will ushers of Plymouth Church please seat
the bearer
in the Pastor's pew/* And in the Pastor's
pew I sat,
listening to that magnificent bass-viol voice
with its per-
suasive low accent, its torrential scorn! After
the sermon
I went to the Beechers' home. Mr. Beecher
sat with a
saucer of uncut gems by him on the table. He
ran his hand
through them from time to time, held them up
to the light,
admiring them and speaking of their beauty
and colour
as eloquently as an hour before he had spoken
of sin and
death and redemption.

He asked me to choose a stone, and I
selected an aqua-
marine, and he had it splendidly mounted for
me in Venetian
style to wear in *' The Merchant of Venice."
Once when
he was ill, he told me, his wife had some few
score of his
jewels set up in lead—a kind of small stained-

glass window—
and hung up opposite his bed. " It did me
more good than
the doctor's visits," he laughed out!

Mrs. Beecher was very remarkable. She had
a way of
lowering her head and looking at you with a
strange in tent-
ness—gravely—kindly and quietly. At her
husband she
looked a world of love, of faith, of undying
devotion. She